

THE HUTCHINSON GAZETTE

THE GAZETTE PUBLISHING AND PRINTING CO.

LEX A. HUTTON, President. H. S. FOSTER, Sec'y & Treas.

HUTCHINSON, KANSAS.

Before China gets into another international row she ought to "save her money and buy a gun."

Dick Croker is making a pile of money with his string of horses, but it can't be compared with the money he used to make with his tiger.

Illinois bachelors may be subject to a tax this year, and it is certain that they will be subject to attacks next year, for it is divisible by 4.

A Georgia editor jubilantly exclaims: "The fruit has now passed the danger point." This cheats some physician out of a bill for treating appendicitis.

A boa constrictor is reported to be at large somewhere in Chicago, but this will never frighten the average Chicagoan very much; Dwight is only eighty miles away.

The position of an eastern critic that the bicycle is but a fad that like the roller-skate and tennis will have its day and be virtually forgotten, is not tenable. The bicycle is something more than a toy or an instrument for recreation. Its useful quality gives it a permanency not second even to the buggy and scarcely second to that of the street car. The bicycle is a mode of rapid transit which does not give out when the horse is lame or tired, which never gets off the track, never breaks a trolley or burns out a motor. Bicycles are no more fads than are horses and buggies, nor more a fad than is the disposition of a man or woman to get elsewhere. Unlike the roller-skate or racket, the bicycle is here to stay.

In his "Life in Ohio recently published William Cooper Howells made use of the word "mourner," as frequently employed to qualify a certain bench occupied by repentants during what are known among various orthodox churches as revivals. The "mourner's bench" is no provincialism. There is not a community anywhere in this country, between the Atlantic and Pacific, where Baptists and Methodists are known or wherever evangelists go, that is not more or less familiar with the use of this term. And yet neither the International dictionary, the Century nor the very latest and superb Standard makes any reference to the word mourners with the significance which Mr. Howells gave it in his book.

A curious story comes from San Francisco based on the alleged statement of an English physician of prominence visiting in that city. This is to the effect that the identity of the sanguinary criminal known as "Jack the Ripper" has for some time been known in London to the medical profession and the Scotland Yard authorities. According to this, it seems that the half score terrible butcheries perpetrated under such strange circumstances were committed by a physician of more than ordinary skill and esteem. His abnormal moods of crime visited him at irregular moods of crime visited him at not only by the blood-curdling horrors so well known to the world, but by the most cunning and far-sighted craft in the execution of self-effacement.

Our esteemed contemporary, the Madagascar News, in its issue of February 23, just received, gives an account of a meeting of the National Assembly in Antananarivo, Queen Ranavalomanjaka attended in person and was welcomed with "tempestuous enthusiasm." Her majesty told the people that she would lead them to battle against the French, should the fatherland seem in Antananarivo, Queen Ranavalomanjaka danger. According to the News, the patriotic Ranavalomanjaka and her prime minister, Rainilaiarivony, have awakened throughout Madagascar as great zeal for the country's cause as blazed forth in the days of the illustrious Andrianampoininarina, who founded the kingdom. Here's to the success of the Malagasy in their struggle with the invader!

The London school board is agitating the question as to whether school girls should be thrashed. One of the members gave it as the fruit of his experience that girls were more spiteful than boys, and he seemed to think that, therefore, a caning as a rule would do them good. Queer question in an enlightened city, the greatest on earth, and in this fine de siècle period. Ducking-stools, long ago relegated to oblivion, along with hanging for theft, would be about as appropriate among English school girls. Henry Ward Beecher once said he made his children mind with the use of a gad and his grandchildren with an application of sugar plums and everybody knows Beecher was wiser in old age than in youth. There are few girls not susceptible to moral suasion.

Another California woman comes forward with the claim that she actually captured ex-Senator Fair and wedded him. She evidently has good grounds against Colonel Phoebe Cousins for poaching on her preserves.

A Chicago man is suing two local doctors for \$25,000 damages, alleging that after his experience with them he found that one of his legs was too short. Is he quite sure that that is what ails him. Perhaps the other leg is now longer than it really ought to be.

This country has \$3,000,000 invested in the manufacture of corks and turns out \$4,000,000 worth of corks annually. When it comes to business your Uncle Samuel certainly is a corker.

THE TREASURE TOWER. A STORY OF MALTA. VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON.



CHAPTER IV. (Continued.)

The clergyman nodded his head gently. Possibly he was amused by the vivacity of the Ancient Mariner.

"Then the inhabitants of the Island gathered on the beach to receive the shipwrecked strangers, and made a fire of fagots to warm the poor creatures. How nice and kind of them!" said Mrs. Griffith in her mellow, sympathetic voice.

"Paul abode here for three months, the Roman centurion having refused to slay the prisoners under his charge to prevent their escape," added the clergyman, restoring the Testament to his pocket. "Truly, God works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

"All this land must have belonged to the Publius whose father was healed of fever by the Apostle," mused Miss Symthe, pointing to the shore with her red silk parasol.

"How awfully clever you are to know all about it!" whispered Lieut. Curzon, while his glance plainly supplemented: "How well you are looking to-day!"

The young lady smiled with a certain calm complacency. Her sailor hat was bound with a blue ribbon, which imparted a youthful charm to her delicate features, while her slender figure was clad in a white dress with an azure belt, and wide, mariner's collar, embroidered with anchors. She was subtly aware that the masculine gaze rested on her with satisfaction, and even the elderly clergyman found her allusion to Publius the more apt that she was fair.

"As for the model of the ships of antiquity, we find it on the coins of Commodus, Adrian, and Lucius Verus," said Capt. Fillingham, still contemplating the bay.

He turned suddenly to Arthur Curzon, with a twinkle of sly humor in his eye.

"Does your friend, Jacob Deatly, happen to possess any good Roman coins?"

"Don't know, I am sure; but I should say not," retorted Lieut. Curzon, curtly.

Capt. Blake, who was attired in a uniform of vivid scarlet, and a short jacket which imparted an additional ruddy glow to his sandy complexion, bushy red mustache, and bulbous nose, tilted his cap over his keen blue eyes.

"I have no more doubt of Jacob Deatly's dealing in Roman coins than that he has a pretty daughter," he said, in a bantering tone.

The company laughed. Arthur Curzon again started, and colored with anger.

"You are mistaken," he retorted lightly. "Jacob Deatly has no daughter, as far as I am aware."

He was vexed, even startled, by the swiftness of the emotion which swept over him at the mention of the young girl in the garden. Surely the sentiment was merely a tingling irritation of quick blood, the innate hostility in rivalry of the sailor to the soldier. He felt an unwarrantable resentment at Capt. Blake, mingled with wrath at himself for so readily betraying his own annoyance. What a fool he had been to ever mention the name of the old man!

"So there are no pretty daughters in the house of Deatly," said Capt. Blake, mockingly. "More's the pity! I am a great admirer of the fair sex, and yet my enemies declare that I am not a marrying man."

Here the soldier sighed and glanced at Miss Symthe with an expression of sentimental admiration, which was real or assumed.



TRANSFERRING THE ROSEBUD.

Arthur Curzon bit his lip to check a hasty retort. A pang of fresh doubt and fear shot through his heart at the thought of this wolf, with curiosity aroused, prowling about the sheepfold of the old Watch Tower, where Dolores laughed and sang in all innocence. Would the maiden be cheated and beguiled by his flatteries? In reality Capt. Blake was a brave officer, cool in danger, who had won his medals in India and the Crimea. In periods of garrison inaction he was chiefly notable for excelling in the national art of grumbling at earth and sky where he happened to be stationed and in keeping

ing a clear head at mess when feeble brains had become hopelessly obscure over the wine. Arthur Curzon beheld him in as odious a guise as did Charles Lamb's crier of the thief; his plain exterior exaggerated to monstrosity, as his soul was capable of any evil intent. Youth is prone to extremes of feeling, and the sailor was very young in all matters of the heart.

"How very odd that I can not get the name of Deatly out of my head!" said the Ancient Mariner, removing his hat, and suffering the warm breeze to sweep over his bald cranium, fringed with white locks. "When I was in the Baltic a man—"

"John, dear, put on your hat, or you will catch your death of cold," interposed Mrs. Fillingham with her usual decision of manner.

The lady was in the best of spirits. She wore a hat of juvenile aspect and a metal belt with a whole arsenal of miniature daggers and pistols of silver attached.

The Ancient Mariner slowly replaced his hat, with an expression of offended dignity. "I was about to remark, if you will allow me to finish, Mary—"

"Yes, yes," rejoined his helpmate, with her hurried lip, while her pale blue eyes wandered abstractedly toward the luncheon cloth spread on the ground at some paces distant. "Mrs. Griffith is waiting for us. Let me find a nice sheltered corner for you, dear, and some sherry. You must keep up your strength, you know."

"Promise to preach us a sermon on St. Paul at Malta," said Mrs. Griffith to the clergyman.

The hostess felt that transition from sacred to mundane matters might be too abrupt without such a suggestion.

"Very good," he replied, smiling. "I invite you all to my parish in Surrey next summer to hear me preach about St. Paul at Malta. I fancy the ordeal will prove a sufficient punishment for all small peccadilloes. Promise to lunch with me at the Vicarage afterward."

In the general assent Captain Blake evinced marked fervor. Much desultory talk and laughter ensued, amid the popping of corks and the discussion of cold fowl and ham, sandwiches and salad.

The Ancient Mariner, with a Scotch plaid spread over his rheumatic knees, a plate of jellied beef before him, and a wine bottle at his elbow, had recovered his amiability.

"Get married in the heyday of youth," he admonished. "Every man needs a wife to take care of him."

The clergyman, who was a widower, sighed, and helped himself freely to mustard. Miss Ethel Symthe sat on a camp-stool, with Arthur Curzon on her right hand, and Captain Blake on the left.

□ The latter, investigating the depths of a jar of potted tongue, remarked, "The worst of it is, Malta is such a beastly hole to be stationed in. There's nothing whatever to do."

"I find it very jolly," said Arthur Curzon. Thereupon he sang, in a fine baritone voice, the ballad of Destiny.

The Ancient Mariner listened with a sudden shadow of gravity on his face.

"Strange! His father, Admiral Jack, had just such a voice," he soliloquized.

"Do you like that song?" demanded Capt. Blake, sotto voce, of Miss Symthe, as he traced lines on the ground with the pointed end of the young lady's parasol. "Bellowing is no name for it."

Then he added the soldier's defiance of the discipline of the troop-ship, in a mocking falsetto—

"And all about the ship, I'm sure 'twould vex a saint! Everywhere you walk or sit, They sing out, 'Mind the paint!'"

Miss Symthe declined to laugh at this sally, and proffered claret-cup to Arthur Curzon instead.

Mrs. Griffith had said to her friend when the man-of-war was coming into port, "I hope you two will like each other. Ethel, Arthur belongs to really very good people."

Miss Symthe was prepared to like Lieut. Curzon. She had decked herself in a nautical toilet before her mirror that morning, as an international tribute of flattery to the young man. She was a daughter of her century in all respects, and four-and-twenty years of age. She was, on the whole, heart-free, but she had passed through several London seasons, and experienced some cruel disillusionments. The troop of rosy sisters emerging from the schoolroom beneath the paternal roof, in budding maidenhood, the pressure of public opinion, and the warnings of maternal ambition, rang the perpetual refrain in her ear, "Marry! Make a good match if possible, but establish yourself in life at all hazards."

What more eligible field of conquest could be accorded an enterprising girl than Malta during the winter season, with the ranks of army and naval men to be met, and the occasional yachtmen flitting about the Mediterranean on a cruise of pleasure? Miss Symthe had decided to make the most of her opportunities. Aware that the fair recruit, sent out to India by aspiring relatives in quest of a husband, no longer invariably finds such a mate, while the social badge of spinsterhood, glorified or otherwise, possessed no attraction to the wearer of the straw hat, she set about achieving her end with that unflinching zeal, that unwavering determination, brooking no denial on the part of subjugated sam-

kind, for which the modern fashionable girl, whether at home or abroad, is often so remarkable. Woe betide the innocent rival who should cross the path of Ethel Symthe's purpose and thwart her aims! The heroine of many London seasons, deeply versed in feminine wiles, had one of Mrs. Barrett Browning's housewives in her bosom, well stocked with sharp needles and pins of jealousy and spite, ready to sting and prick a victim to pain.

Capt. Blake betrayed no pique at her defection, but entered upon a lively political skirmish with Mrs. Fillingham, who prided herself on her conservative acumen of judgment. If the captain was a social wasp, moved at times to envy and malice, he sheathed his little weapon on the present occasion and gave no sign of irritation.

"Friends in council aid me," said Mrs. Griffith, eating a last pate with a fine appetite. The Russian grand duke had kindly promised to come to me after dining with the governor. Of course, there must be a ball. I sent out the invitations this morning. How shall we amuse his highness? I have thought of some introductory dramatic entertainment before the dancing commences. Our time is very short for preparations. What if we had a series of tableaux representing the early inhabitants of Malta receiving the royal guest?"

"Charming!" exclaimed Mrs. Fillingham.

"Give him a Cossack supper and show him our Crimean medals," suggested Capt. Blake, facetiously.

Mrs. Griffith threatened him with her finger. "I should require a beautiful girl for the early Phœnician type," she continued.

"I know of one," said Arthur Curzon, impulsively.

"Do you, really? That makes all the difference. Can you induce her to pose for us, Arthur?"

"I will try," was the eager rejoinder. Mrs. Griffith contemplated her cousin with interest. Miss Symthe darted a swift glance at him of surprise and inquiry.

"Is she beautiful?" the latter asked, with assumed carelessness.

Lieut. Curzon bit his lip. He wished that he had not again spoken of the inhabitants of the Watch Tower, and yet the motive was a generous one. Dolores longed to go to a ball. How strange it would be if the caprice might be fulfilled in a swift and unexpected fashion! "That is a matter of taste," he said, warily. "At least she would serve as a foil for Anglo-Saxon beauty," and his glance rested on Miss Symthe's golden hair and delicate complexion.

"We need dark and rich coloring," said Mrs. Griffith. "Can I rely upon you, Arthur?"

"You may rely upon me," he replied gravely, suppressing a smile.

"I need the assistance of all of you," concluded the hostess, rising.

Then the remnants of the feast were packed in baskets and hamper by the attendant servants, and a last glance taken of St. Paul's bay by the pleasure seekers.



FOUND HIM MISS SYMTHE'S COMPANION.

Returning homeward, Lieut. Curzon found himself the companion of Miss Symthe. Mrs. Griffith smiled on the young people with her most benevolent expression.

The young officer, with a sudden access of high spirits, and full of impatience to fulfill the mission intrusted to him, replied mechanically to the remarks of his companion. She was of a conventional type of correct young ladyhood. He assured himself, with weariness, that he had met scores of girls just like her. He could define to a nicety, if so minded, her opinions on religion, society, politics, dress, town and country life. He did not attempt to analyze this change of mood, only the softly modulated accents of Miss Symthe in his ear bored him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE LAWYER ANSWERED.—One of Chicago's most prominent lawyers tells a good story on himself. He says: "It was when I used to practice law in a little town near the center of the state. A farmer had one of his neighbors arrested for stealing ducks, and I was employed by the accused to endeavor to convince the court that such was not the case. The plaintiff was positive his neighbor was guilty of the offense charged against him, because he had seen the ducks in the defendant's yard. 'How do you know they are your ducks?' I asked. 'Oh, I should know my own ducks anywhere,' replied the farmer; and we went into a description of their different peculiarities whereby he could readily distinguish them from others. 'Why,' said I, 'those ducks can't be of such a rare breed. I have seen some just like them in my own yard.' That's not at all unlikely," replied the farmer, "for they are not the only ducks I have had stolen lately."

Mrs. Watts—I saw in the paper the other day that it is impossible for a man to kick with full force when there is nothing to kick at.

Mrs. Potts—I'll bet no married woman wrote that—Indianapolis Journal.

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To many people Spring and its duties mean an aching head, tired limbs, and throbbing nerves. Just as the milder weather comes, the strength begins to wane, and "that tired feeling" is the complaint of all.

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